

NEW PLAYS. {Twain's Dodging, Negro Farce; Out on the World, Drama;  
Killing Time, Farce; Black vs White, Farce; The Out-  
cast's Wife, Domestic Drama. Catalogues FREE.

AMES' SERIES OF  
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.  
NO. 86.

---

P S

635

Z9V383

# BLACK VS WHITE.



WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES, AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COS-  
TUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,  
AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL  
AMERICAN AND ENGLISH  
THEATRES.

---

CLYDE, OHIO:  
A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.



Class PS 635

Book Z9V383

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**





# BLACK VS WHITE,

-OR-

## THE NIGGER AND YANKEE.

AN ORIGINAL FARCE,

IN ONE ACT

BY

Geo. S. Vautrot, Esq.

Author of, *The False Friend*; *At Last*, a temperance play, etc,

With a description of costumes, characters, entrances and exits, relative positions on the stage, and the whole of the stage business, carefully marked from the Author's own manuscript.

Respectfully dedicated to the Arcadian Dramatic Club of Mobile, Alabama.

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by*

*A. D. AMES,*

*In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.*

CLYDE, OHIO.  
A. D. AMES, Publisher.

PS 635  
29/383

## BLACK VS WHITE.

---

### CHARACTERS.

Cesar.....*A Mobile newsboy, afterwards Dowd's servant*  
Ezekiel Smith.....*A Yankee*  
James Julip.....*Dowd's Nephew*  
Charles Dowd.....*A retired merchant*  
May Sprite.....*In love with Julip*  
Mrs. Sharp.....*A Widow*

---

### COSTUMES.

CESAR.—1st. dress ; newsboy's ragged suit. 2d. dress ; neat suit.  
SMITH.—White beaver hat, swallowtail coat, striped pantaloons, standing collar, yellow cravat.  
DOWD  
JULIP } Modern.  
MAY  
Mrs SHARP }

---

### PROPERTIES.

Table, chairs, books on table, letter, pistol, jack knife, plug of tobacco, spittoons, picture in a case, a note, bundle of newspapers, a jewsharp, a cooked sweet potatoe, basin of water, large cheese knife, cord, pail.

---

Time of performance.—Thirty-five minutes

TMP 92-007455

# BLACK VS WHITE.

## ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—Dowd's parlor. 153 1-2 North Government street.

*Enter Julip, R. 1 E., letter in hand—looks at letter, scratches his head, seats himself in chair L., table at his elbow, sighs, takes off his hat, puts it on again, takes it off, sighs very dejectedly.*

*Julip.* At last! at last! Oh, that I had never been born! This insignificant piece of paper, tells me that I am no more than a friend, that I am esteemed as a friend, looked upon as a friend, and will never be anything more than a friend.—And this is the end of all my hopes, my plans, and my ambition. (*fiercely*) I don't care to live any more! I may as well put an end to everything. (*draws a pistol from his pocket*) I may as well die now, as at any other time. (*puts pistol to his temple*) Farewell, false girl, I leave——

*Enter Smith c. takes in the situation.*

*Smith.* Look a here, stranger, that 'ere is a mighty dangerous weepson you've got stuck to your head.

*Julip.* Why—what—— (*Julip drops pistol.*)

*Smith.* If that ere persuader had a went off, it might a hurt you.

*Julip.* Hurt me, no my friend it could not have hurt me. It would have put an end to my sufferings.

*Smith.* What's the matter with yer? Bin eating cowcumbers fer dinner an' got the colic?

*Julip.* No.

*Smith.* Bin eating green apples?

*Julip.* (*savagely*) No, you fool.

*Smith.* Now look here, stranger, don't go to callin' a fellow hard names, I don't like it.

*Julip.* I beg your pardon, but if you knew the contents of this letter, you would not wonder at my despondency.

*Smith.* Dis-pon-den-cy! my friend that ere is a new disease, whar dew it ketch a man first?

*Julip.* I am broken hearted.

*Smith.* (*not hearing him*) Wall, it don't matter, here's something'll knock the spots out 'n that dispondency quicker'n lightnin'. (*pulls black bottle from pocket*) Jest yer take a good nor'wester of this here stuff, an' if it don't do ye good, my name aint Ezekiel Smith, all the way from old Misouri.

*Julip.* No, my friend. I am a Good Templar, and nothing under the sun would induce me to taste it.

*Smith.* Wal, I've tried ter du the best I could for yer, an' if yer want a friend, why call on me an' I'll du the best I ken for yer.

*Julip.* You will?

*Smith.* Yaas sir'ee Bob Jenkins, I will.

*Julip.* Then, if you will wait a moment I will tell you what I want you to do.

*Smith.* All right, drive ahead, an' if its anything short of manslaughter in the first degree, I'll du it, so help me Ginerall Jackson.



*Julip.* I'll be back presently.

(*exit R. 2 E.*)

*Smith.* (*sits himself at table, takes out knife and commences to carve his name on table*) That chap's the funniest rooster I ever did see; got the—the (*scratches head*) I'll swan to gracious, if I ha'nt done forgot what he said was the matter with him. (*takes out plug of tobacco and takes a chew, sp ts on floor*) This here's purty good terbacky (*ses spittoon takes up one and examines it*) I wonder what them things is here for. (*puts spittoon down re-seats himself*) They must be ter set the room off I reckon. If I wa'nt afraid the boss would git mad, I'd spit in one of them boxes—but I hate to dirty anything with—

*Enter Julip, R. 2 E. interrupting him.*

*Julip.* Here my friend, you are spoiling my uncle's carpet, by spitting tobacco juice on it.

*Smith.* Wall, that's the way I du down ter my gal's home, and she don't never say nothin' about it, an' 'side I didn't see no place ter spit, an' I could not swaller it, I tried that once an' it made me sick.

*Julip.* There are the spittoons, why didn't you use one of them?

*Smith.* (*picks up one—looks at it with astonishment*) What! Je-ru-salem, make snakes! Spit in one of them purty boxes? Kinder thunk they was put here ter set off the room.

*Julip.* So they are; but they are also put there for use. But here is what I want you to do. I want you to take this note to Miss May Sprite, at the corner of the next street, and wait for an answer.

*Smith.* (*puts finger to nose with a knowing look—aside*) I never thunk of sich a thing, now I knows what's the matter with this soap locks. He's got a instantainous combustication of the heart, cotched it while swingin' on somebody's gate arter the old folks was in bed, an' the moon wa'nt shinin'.

*Julip.* (*impatently*) What are you talkin' about?

*Smith.* Ain't talkin' 'bout nothin,—only thinking out loud.

*Julip.* Will you take it?

*Smith.* Sartinly, sartinly! but how am I ter know the gal?

*Julip.* (*thinks—takes picture from pocket*) There's her picture, look at it well, and you cannot fail to know her. (*Smith looks at the picture*) Do you think you would know her—know her at sight?

*Smith.* Sartin I would, sartin sure.

*Julip.* Come to think of it, she's always accompanied by an old aunt, who is immensely rich, and who keeps a strict guard upon her. The old lady thinks every one is after her neice on account of the money she is expected to get, so you will have to be careful. Do my errand faithfully and my gratitude shall be yours.

(*gives note—exit R.*)

*Smith.* (*walks about stage—hands in pocket*) She allus goes out with her aunt—old lady's got lots of tin; young gal expects ter git it—old lady thinks everybody's arter the gal on account of this money she's goin' ter git. (*stops*) Them ere is purty good reasons why he wants her himself. But I don't think he will—look a here Mr. Ezekiel Smith, you're a good lookin' chap—I'll do it—I'll do it. You'd better look out Mister—mister—mister—may I be stuffed with a fifteen cent free lunch if I know what his name is—well, Mister Spoons will will du jest as well, I'm goin, in 'fer that gal, I'm arter matrimony, an' a little more fer the money. (*exit L. 1 E.*)

*Enter Dowd, C. in a rage.*

*Dowd.* I want a good, smart, active, man servant—I'm tired of these women. They are forever talking about something that doesn't concern me at all, it's one continual complaint, I am sick of it. They always want to do things in an appropriate way—I'll get a man, and then I'll see whether—

*Cesar.* 'Ere's yer mornin' papers, all about de terrible rale-rode bust up, an' combustion! All de latest newe from Washington! (*outside*)

*Dowd.* (*goes to R. 2 F. calls*) Here, boy, bring me a paper.

*Cesar.* (*outside*) All right, boss, be dar in a minnit, soon's I change dis hundred dollar bill for dis fellar.



*Dowd.* Well, now, that's what I call impudence. Change a hundred dollar bill, but those news boys can't be beat for cheek.

*Enter Cesar R. news-boy's dress, papers under arm. stump of cigar in his mouth.*

*Cesar.* Good mornin' sah, is you de gemman what want's de latest news? *(puffs cigar very hard)*

*Dowd.* See here, you infernal little negro, *(snuffing)* what do you mean by smoking that cigar in my parlor? *(coughs)*

*Cesar.* I was jest gibin' yer de scent, boss, so yer could go down whar I got dis at, and git yerself one. Dis here's a giniwine Habana, git 'em fer two bits a piece at Peter Burke's.

*Dowd.* Do you mean to tell me, that is a Havana cigar?

*Cesar.* Yas sah, I does, real giniwine habana segar.

*Dowd.* But you did not give two bits for it, did you?

*Cesar.* Me? *(laughs)* No sah, I didn't give nuffin fer it, I didn't.

*Dowd.* So you did not give anything for it?

*Cesar.* No sah, not de fust red cent. Does yer believe I'm a fool ter spend all my capital fer a cigar? No, boss, guess I'se got more sense dan dat.

*Dowd.* Then how do you know it is a Havana cigar, and cost two bits?

*Cesar.* *(grins)* Kase I seed Mister Burke when he got it out ob de box; an' I knows he don't make nuffin but good cigars.

*Dowd.* But how did you come to get it?

*Cesar.* Yaw, hah, ha! Dar's where de laff comes in. You jest orter seed me, boss!

*Dowd.* I suppose you come some of your sharp tricks on the gentleman.

*Cesar.* No sah! he's too sharp hisself.

*Dowd.* Well, how did you get it?

*Cesar.* I jest watched him, an' de minit he frowed it away, I flung my hat ober de stump, an' holler'd "Grasshopper."

*Dowd.* Why, what made you say "grasshopper?"

*Cesar.* Dat's only a word us boy's is got. But, look here, boss, is dat all you called me up here fer? Yer didn't call me up here to gib me a game ob talk, did yer? Ain't you gwine ter buy a paper?

*Dowd.* Yes, certainly, here's your nickle! Give me the paper.

*Cesar.* No, yer don't, boss!

*Dowd.* Why don't you give me the paper?

*Cesar.* Kase papers is riz. *(aside)* Dev's comed up three par ob stars an' is higher dan dey was before. *(aloud)* Dey's wuff two bits now.

*Dowd.* For the whole lot?

*Cesar.* No sah, fer one paper.

*Dowd.* How do you make that?

*Cesar.* Why, you see in de fust place, when dey was down stairs dey was wuff five cents—

*Dowd.* Well?

*Cesar.* Den when I comed up here, in de second place, dey's wuff ten cents.

*Dowd.* But—

*Cesar.* Den ter bring 'em down stairs again will make 'em be wuff fifteen cents.

*Dowd.* Go on—

*Cesar.* Lastly, an' in de 'third place, standin' here an' listenin' to yer chin music makes de oder ten cents; so yer see, boss, by all de rules ob de spellin' book dey am wuff at de present time, two bits, an' as all de papers am sold out at de office—an' de forms knocked into Washington pie, an' de boss raring round, sayin' he'll kill de fust man what axes him what's de matter wid his paper, dey am wuff de present price at dis time.

*Dowd.* *(aside)* This seems to be a very smart boy. *(aloud)* I say Sam—

*Cesar.* My name aint Sam.

*Dowd.* Then, what might your name be?

*Cesar.* It might be Abe, Ike, Julius, Pete, Tom or any ob dem common names, but it aint!

*Dowd.* *(aside)* Such impudence! *(aloud)* What is your name?

*Cesar.* My name is Cesar Brutus Cicero, but de people what knows me best, calls me Cesar.

*Dowd.* Now Cesar, how would you like to become my servant; live in this house; have good clothes, good wages, and plenty to eat?

*Cesar.* I'd like it fust rate. How much yer gwine to gib me by de day?

*Dowd.* I purpose to pay you by the month.

*Cesar.* An' how much den, is you gwine to gib me by de month?

*Dowd.* I think twenty-five dollars would be about right.

*Cesar.* Dat's too much, boss, too much.

*Dowd.* Too much! what wages do you want?

*Cesar.* 'Bout five dollars a month.

*Dowd.* I'll have to give you more than that. But what makes you want such a little salary?

*Cesar.* Why, yer see boss, de President might make yer Post-master ob de city, an' yer might gobble up two or three millyun dollars, 'bout de second to de last day ob de month, and den run away on de last day ob de month, an' if you was only gibbin me five dollars I wouldn't lose so much, undstand?

*Dowd.* You can consider yourself engaged. Go down to the cook and tell her to give you something to eat, then come here in half an hour, and I will tell you what your duties are. *(exit c.)*

*Cesar.* All right boss. Hi golly, dis nigger feels jest like a big hog in a mud-puddle. Like a Hit-me-with-a-to-mat-a's, what I seed in de circus. I'se got a place to stay, gwine ter git good clothes, good chuck. Go 'long Liza Jane! *(business ad libitum)* Clar de road, de bullgines comin', wont I have fun! I feel so good *(shakes himself and throws away papers)* I dun quit de business, I'se a retired millyunair, I is. *(sings)*

My gal, my gal, I'm gwine fer to see,

Kase I'se got nuffin better fer to to du;

I'm gwine to see my Chloe so dear,

Fer ter drive away de blues.

I ain't got no blues now, but den Sunday night I'm gwine ter see her, anyhow. *(starts off L. playing jewsharp, at entrance turns to audience and sings)*

Shoo fly don't bodder I, &c. *(exit L.)*

*Enter Julip R.*

*Julip.* I wonder if that Yankee has delivered my note, I hope he has, it will show Miss May Sprite that I am not to be trifled with—I'll go and see some other girl—I'll—I'll—I'll go to the—the—I wish I hadn't sent that note—if I could only see that Yankee, I'd make him give it to me—I'll go and hunt him up. Oh dear, I never was so near crazy in my life—and all for a girl, confound the girls—I wish all the women were on one side and the men on the other with a river one hundred miles wide between us—but that wouldn't make any difference—I'd be fool enough to jump in and try to swim across—and I'll bet fifteen cents I'd meet Miss Sprite half way. *(exit c.)*

*Enter Mrs. Smith and May, L.*

*Mrs Smith.* My dear May, what is the matter with you and Mr. Julip? he has not been to see you for over a week. We have made at least a dozen visits here at Mrs. Dowd's, and on each occasion Mr. Julip has not been seen. Now I want you to tell me what's the matter.

*May.* *(watches door)* There isn't anything the matter with Jam—I mean Mr. Julip.

*Mrs S.* But there is something the matter—you haven't been yourself at all for the last two or thee days. Every thing you do, is done wrong, yesterday at breakfast you put salt in your coffee, and then drank my tea, and remarked that coffee was not like it used to be. And yet you tell me there isn't anything the matter, pshaw!

*May.* Aunt. I wish you wouldn't bother me so, Mr. Julip will not come to see me any more.

*Mrs S.* How do you know that?

*May.* Because I've just received a note from him, in which he says he will never speak to me again, and if he meets me in the streets he will treat me as a str—an—ger, and I—I—*(sinks into chair and sobs)*

Mrs S. You are the biggest— Why don't you send for him?

May. Because he wouldn't come—I know he wouldn't.

Mrs S. Let me see, I think I can contrive to bring them together.

*Enter Dowd c.*

Mrs S. They are the—(*Dowd coughs*) Why, good morning Mr. Dowd, you see that we took advantage of your kind invitation and have called again.

Dowd. (*aside*) Yes, I see, about forty times this week, I wonder if she's after me. (*aloud*) My dear madam, yourself, and charming neice are always welcome. (*aside*) I wonder where the devil that servant of mine is. (*aloud*) What, Miss May in tears?

May. No sir, as I was coming up the stairs the wind blew the dust in my eyes. (*pulls out handkerchief and drops note which Julip has sent her, Mrs. Sharp seizes it unobserved.*)

Mrs S. (*aside*) This note will tell me what I wish to know.

May. (*puts handkerchief in pocket—misses note, is astonished—aside*) I have lost the note—if anyone should find it—

(*searches pocket etc. Dowd sees the action*)

Dowd. Cesar, Cesar, you black rascal, come here! (*enter Cesar in second dress with a large sweet potato in hand, which he is eating*) Where have you been all this time?

Cesar. (*talking with his mouth full*) Bin down to de cook, like you tole me, a stuffin' my face.

Dowd. You haven't been eating all this time?

Mrs S. (*aside*) I didn't know Mr. Dowd kept black servants, and allowed them to eat in his parlor.

Cesar. I jist tell ye boss, dis chile am got an awful appetite. (*sees ladies—hastily swallows what is in his mouth, puts the rest of potato in pocket—aside*) Hi, golly, didn't know the old rooster had female company. (*aloud*) Anything I kin do boss? (*sees May—aside*) Haw, haw! bin habin' a fuss, I know how ter fix dat. Good mornin' ladies, ax pardon, fer not speakin' sooner, but ye see I was so busy thinkin' 'bout de last time dat I had a—I mean—dat I—I mean when I was in congress, dat I didn't see yer.

May. Oh, my poor eyes! (*handkerchief to eyes*)

Cesar. What's de matter wid yer eyes, Miss?

May. I got them filled with dust.

Cesar. What kind ob dust?

Dowd. You infernal scoundrel, bring a basin of water.

Cesar. What fun!

Mrs S. So that the young lady can bathe her eyes.

Cesar. Who axed you 'bout it? I was talkin' to de boss.

Dowd. Go instantly, and bring the water,

Cesar. I fly! (*going slowly—aside*) De young gal wants de water to wash de dust out ob her eyes, so de ole gal kin frow it in de boss's eyes.

(*Dowd starts toward him—he runs off R.*)

*Enter Smith c.*

Smith. (*aside*) Thar she is, thar she is! (*sees Dowd*) Thar's the ole man, I'll tell a whopper when he axes me what I want. Didn't expect ter see him. (*looks at Mrs. Sharp, who is ogling Mr. Dowd*) Hain't the ole gal sweet on the ole man? must put a stop ter that or all my expectations are knocked into a cocked hat. (*Cesar enters with a basin of water, sets it down at back of stage—approaches May.*)

Cesar. Here am de water, Miss.

May. Thank you. (*he leads her to the water, she bathes eyes, Cesar comes down stage.*)

Dowd. Cesar do you intend to let that basin of water stand there?

Cesar. Yas sah, dat's jest as gooder place fur it as any I knows uv.

Dowd. Throw it out.

Cesar. All right, boss. (*takes basin to L. 3 R. and sings out*) Look out below. (*throws basin—voice outside says*) "What the devil do you mean by throwing that water and basin on us?" (*Cesar laughs—all run to see what the matter is—Dowd throws book at Cesar, who dodges and it hits Smith.*)



*Smith.* Gosh all Jerusalem! my breakfast is all knocked ter pieces. (*Cesar laughs imitating Smith who is doubled up—they fight, Smith hits Cesar, Dowd separates them*)

*Cesar.* What de debil you hit me fur? yer-good-fur-nothin' low down white trash, I didn't du nuffin ter yer.

*Smith.* Yeou black skunk, I'll turn ye inside eout, cram yer down yer own throat, till thar won't be nothin' left of yer but yer shirt collar stickin' out'er yer eyes. D'ye hear that?

*Cesar.* Great land ob Sodom! dat man's dangerous, take him away, boss.

*May.* Gentlemen, for my sake, do not fight.

*Mrs S.* Come May, it is time for us to return. (*to Smith*) And for you sir, if I ever see you speaking to my neice I'll have you horsewhipped.

*Dowd.* You infernal rascal, get out of my house or I'll have you arrested.

*May.* Nay, Mr. Dowd, do not be hard on the poor fellow.

*Smith.* (*aside*) How did she know I was poor? (*aloud*) Look a here, squire, I didn't mean no disrespect ter ye nor ter the ladies, but this black—

*Cesar.* Hole on dar, you're 'bout ter bite off more'n yer kin chaw.

*Smith.* If ever I ketch yer outside this house an' I git yer down, an' git one of them ar' ears of your'n atween my teeth, yer won't think I've bit off mere'n I ken chaw. (*pulls out plug of tobacco, takes an immense chew*)

*Cesar.* De Lord! if dat fellow eber does kotch hole ob my year, dar won't be much left arter he gits through a chawin'.

*Mrs S.* Mr. Dowd, we wish you a very good morning. I am sorry our visit was interrupted.

*May.* Good morning, Mr. Dowd.

*Dowd.* Good morning, ladies.

*Mrs S.* Good morning, Mr. Dowd. (*looks smiling at him—exit c.*)

*Dowd.* I do really believe that woman is in love with me.

*Smith.* Squire, you'd better watch that ar' widder.

*Dowd.* What do you mean?

*Cesar.* It means dis, boss, he wants de young gal himself, an' if yer was ter marry de ole gal, he wouldn't stan' no chance, undstand?

*Smith.* (*in a rage*) You—you—you—tar—nal descendent uv satan! I'll—I'll—I'll——

*Dowd.* (*catches hold of him*) Here, you get out of my house.

*Cesar.* Dat's right, boss, bounce him, make him waltz off on his year.

*Smith gets loose and runs after Cesar, who runs around stage, Smith after him.*

*Dowd after Smith, Cesar squats suddenly—Smith falls over him, Dowd over them, gets up and sees Smith and Cesar locked in each other's arms, tries to part them, he cries, Help—fire—murder—police! Julip rushes in, sees state of things, gets club strikes Smith, who finding himself attacked on all sides lets go of Cesar and runs off c. Cesar gets up and shakes himself.*

*Cesar.* Is I all here, boss?

*Julip.* I guess you are. Don't you think so uncle?

*Dowd.* Yes, I think he is all right, How do you feel Cesar?

*Cesar.* Me, me! I feel jest as if I'd been ridin' a circular saw. Dat man's de worst rooster I eber did tackle.

*Dowd.* Never mind, Cesar.

*Cesar.* I don't mind it boss, but I ain't gwine ter forget it.

*Dowd.* James, I have hired this boy to wait upon me.

*Julip.* All right, uncle, I hope he will prove satisfactory.

*Cesar.* I neber did hab nuffin ter do wid no sass factory, so how's I gwine ter prove anything 'bout de factory.

*Julip.* I did not mean that—I mean that you will suit my uncle.

*Cesar.* Oh, I'se bound ter suit. (*Julip sits at table—reads paper*) But what is I got to do, boss.

*Dowd.* Well, Cesar, the first thing is to make a fire every morning; then sweep the rooms out; bring a bucket of water to my room; black my shoes; see if the morning paper has come; dust all the furniture and then—

*Cesar.* How 'bout de breakfus' boss, don't spect I kin do all dem tings on a empty stomach, does yer?

*Dowd.* Why, it won't take you half an hour.

Cesar. Won't take me half an hour ter do all dat, boss? yer don't know me. What time yer spect's I'se gwine to git up in de mornin'?

Dowd. About five o'clock.

Cesar. An' what time yer gwine to git up?

Dowd. About nine o'clock.

Cesar. Den yer say dat it won't take me more'n half an hour ter do all dem tings—I gits up at five o'clock, you gits up at nine, I bin waitin' all dat time fer my breakfas', you ain't bin waitin'. Can't see it, boss, de fifteenth amendment done passed congress.

Dowd. Why, you can try, can't you Cesar?

Cesar. Yas sah, I'll try (*aside*) ter see how long it'll take ter dust one cheer and then dust out ob de back door. (*aloud*) But look a here boss, it's de breakfas' part ob dis contract I'm arter. (*knock outside R. 2 E.*)

Dowd. Go and see who it is, Cesar.

Cesar. All right, boss. (*aside*) It'll take de rest ob de week ter git furdur instructions. (*goes to door*) Who's dar? (*returns*)

Dowd. Anybody out there, Cesar?

Cesar. Yassah, dey's a man standin' at the door.

Dowd. Why didn't you tell him to come in?

Cesar. Yeg tole me fer to go an' see who it was, an' I went. Neber tole me to ax 'em to come in.

Dowd. Bear this in mind—whenever I tell you to see who is at the door, I mean you to ask them in. (*knock repeated*) Go now. (*exit Cesar R.*)

Julip. He seems to be a smart darkey, uncle?

Dowd. Yes but rather impudent. (*enter Cesar*) Well, where's the man?

Cesar. I done like yer tole me, axed him in—den shet de door an' left him standin, in de hall.

Dowd. Bring him up here. (*exit Cesar R.*) Did you ever see such impudence?

Julip. He does not understand—he will learn after a while. (*enter Cesar R. showing in Smith disguised as a quaker*)

Dowd. Good evening, friend.

Smith. Verily thou mayst call me friend, (*to Julip*) and thou young man, art thou well in body and in mind?

Julip. Oh, yes, (*sighs*) as well as might be expected—take a seat.

Smith. Many thanks, I've traveled far and am weary. (*sits himself—Cesar in the meantime has gone through his pockets, finds small bottle—uncorks and smells of it, makes face*)

Cesar. Speets yer is.

Julip. It is very near the the hour we dine, and you must be famished?

Smith. Thou hast spoken truly.

Cesar. (*aside*) Must be dis here's mighty good liquor. (*drains the bottle, and returns it to Smith's pocket.*)

Smith. Young man, I have called to tell you some very important news, and would see thee alone. (*looks at Dowd who is dozing*) I jess tell ye— (*recollects himself*)

Cesar. (*starts when he hears Smith speak—aside*) I believe I know dat man! (*comes opposite side of stage*)

Smith. My friend, there is a female of whom I would speak to thee.

Julip. A female! and de you know her name?

Smith. Yea, friend I do.

Cesar. (*during the foregoing he sticks a large pin in the toe of his shoe*) I kinder tinks dat dar feller am dat yankee, an' I'm gwine ter find out, (*makes motion of sticking him, gets behind Smith's chair*)

Julip. Will you be so kind as to favor me with the name of the lady.

Smith. Certainly young man, the name of the female is (*Cesar puts foot under chair and sticks him—he jumps up*) Wild cats and blazes! (*Cesar laughs*)

Julip. What did you say her name was?

(*Cesar ties Smith's coat to chair*)

Dowd. (*gets up—yawns*) Nephew, I believe I shall retire, the gentleman does not seem to have any business with me. Excuse me.

Smith. Sartin! (*stops*) Thou hast spoken truly, friend, it is your nephew with whom I wish to speak. (*exit Dowd, C.*)

Cesar has filled his pockets with things in Smith's pockets. Smith discovers his loss.

Smith. (aside) Gee-whil-i-kin! That infernal nigger's been doin' this. I'll git even with him.

Julip. What is the matter with you, friend? Just now you sprang up in your chair like a crazy man, and now you are talking to yourself. (sees bottle in Smith's hand) How did you come by that?

Smith. That infer—— I mean that American citizen of African descent placed it in my pocket.

Cesar. 'Taint so boss. If I had done it you would saw me.

Julip. It is plain he did not put them there himself.

Cesar. Boss, I believe he's one ob dem conjurin' chaps—dey can do most anything.

Smith jumps up in a rage, and starts toward Cesar, the chair follows him and trips him up. Cesar yells.

Smith. (getting up) I shan't stand this treatment any longer—I'll mash that nigger's head.

Cesar. (pull an immense cheese knife) I knows ye now Mister Yankee—touch me if ye dar. Been playin' 'possum has ye? Den come on and I'll "carve dat 'possum." (flourishes knife, Smith retreats, Cesar follows.)

Julip. I'll go and get the whole police force. (exit, c.)

Smith. Now look a here Cesar, put that tooth-pick up, you might hurt yerself with it.

Cesar. Call dis here a toof-pick?

Smith. Yaas, that's what we call 'em—"Arkansaw Toothpicks."

Cesar. Yank, I want ask ye one question.

Smith. Drive ahead.

Cesar. What made ye come into de house in dat rig?

Smith. I know'd the folks here never would hev let me in, if they'd know'd who I was.

Dowd. (without, L.) Cesar! Cesar!

Cesar. Yes, sah.

Dowd. Come here!

Cesar. I'm comin'.

(exit, L.)

Smith. I heerd this old chap wanted some one to take keer of his hosses. I am the chap fer that posish—I know all about hosses. Believe I'll ask the old fellow—he might hire me, then I'd allus be around the house and could git even with that nigger.

Enter Dowd and Julip, c.

Julip. I tell you uncle, it was that yankee.

Dowd. I do not think he means any harm. (sees Smith) Here he is now.

Smith. Yaas, I'm here, squire, and I've got a favor to ask ye.

Dowd. If I can do anything for you that is reasonable, I will.

Smith. I heerd as heow you wanted tu hire a man tu take care of your hosses. I knows all about hosses and would like tu git the place.

Dowd. Yes, I want a man, and I'll take you a month on trial. If you suit me I'll give you twenty-five dollars a month, board and lodging. Will this suit?

Smith. Tip-top. (aside) Now, Mr. Cesar, look out.

Dowd. What is your name?

Smith. Ezekiel Smith.

Dowd. Go and find Cesar, and he will show you the stables.

Smith. All right, squire.

(exit, L., whistling.)

Dowd. Now, my dear nephew, that we are alone, I wish to know what is the matter with you?

Julip. (sighing) There isn't anything the matter.

Dowd. I know better. You sigh, appear nervous—in fact are not the same boy you were a week ago.

Julip. As you have noticed me so closely, I'll tell you. A——



*Enter, Cesar L., greatly excited.*

*Dowd.* What's the matter?

*Cesar.* Hab you hired dat yankee?

*Dowd.* Yes. What of it?

*Cesar.* Pay him and let him go.

*Dowd.* What for, Cesar?

*Cesar.* He come to me and he tole me, dat you tole him to tell me to show him he stables.

*Dowd.* That is correct.

*Cesar.* I tole him dat you didn't say no such thing. Den he remarked dat I was a liar.

*Julip.* Called you a liar?

*Cesar.* Yes, sah, and somethin' wuss.

*Dowd.* He did?

*Cesar.* Yes, sah. He pulled a horspital on me.

*Dowd.* (*astonished*) Pulled a hospital on you?

*Julip.* He means a horse pistol, uncle.

*Cesar.* Boss, I want ye to discharge dat man.

*Dowd.* No, Cesar, I have promised to give him a month's trial.

*Cesar.* Den I 'spects I'll hab to stand it, but I warn ye, dat feller's gwine to make trouble in dis house. (*knock, L.*)

*Dowd.* Go and see who that is, Cesar. (*exit, Cesar L.*) I did not expect visitors, did you, James?

*Julip.* (*nervously*) No. (*aside*) Who can it be?

*Enter Cesar, L., a card in his mouth.*

*Cesar.* (*card in his mouth*) Dar's a couple ob ladies down stairs, and one ob 'em sends up dis here.

*Dowd.* That is not the way to present a card.

*Cesar.* I don't want to sile it.

*Dowd.* (*reads*) "Mrs. Sharpe," "May Sprite." (*Julip starts to go, Dowd calls him back*) Where are you going, James?

*Julip.* I have a—a—a—yes—that is—I—(*distracted*) I have to see a man down town.

*Cesar.* (*aside*) I knows what's de matter wid de young boss.

*Dowd.* You have to see a man, James?

*Cesar.* Yas sah, he owes a man a bill, an' he wants to pay him afore the she—riff grabs him.

*Julip.* (*aside to Cesar*) I don't owe any—

*Cesar.* (*ditto*) Don't yer see I'm tryin' ter git yer outen de scrape?

*Dowd.* Cesar! (*Cesar jumps*) Go and tell the ladies to come up.

*Julip tries to exit — Dowd calls him back, as he seats himself Cesar shows the ladies in c.*

*Cesar.* Here am de ladies.

(*retires up stage*)

*Dowd.* Good day, ladies.

*May.*

*Mrs S.* } Good day, Mr. Dowd.

*Julip.* (*not looking up*) Good day, ladies.

*Mrs S.* Good day, James.

(*May does not answer*)

*Julip.* (*aside*) It is just as I thought.

*Mrs S.* (*aside*) I couldn't have had a better opportunity.

*Cesar.* (*aside*) Dat ole gal knows her business, she's a gwine ter hook de ole man, an' make de young gal catch de young man.

*Mrs S.* Mr. Dowd you're looking splendid!

(*looks at him admiringly*)

*Cesar.* (*aside*) Jess what I thought.

*Dowd.* Well—a—the fact is I am feeling very well and—(*aside*) I do, believe the woman is in love with me.

*Mrs S.* I am glad to hear you say so. (*aside*) The old fool is succumb-  
ing already.



Cesar. (*laughs—aside*) Jess look at 'em, each one thinks they've got de other, but jess look at the young folks, they've got it bad.

May seats herself opposite Julip—they look at each other at the same time, then turn away very much embarrassed, business ad libitum.

Mrs S. Mr. Dowd you promised to show me those pictures which you purchased in Rome.

Dowd. So I did. (*aside*) Confound it, when I said Rome, I meant Rome, Georgia, paid one dollar and fifty cents a piece for them at auction.

Mrs S. I do so admire fine paintings they are so beautiful—that is—some of them. (*she turns slightly towards May and Julip—they raise their eyes at that instant, business as before—Mrs. Sharpe smiles, Cesar laughs.*) I have a distant relative in Columbus who has a large collection of pictures.

Cesar. (*aside*) He must keep a photograph gallery.

Dowd. My dear Mrs. Sharpe, I would be delighted to show you my pictures but—

Mrs S. That is always the way. (*strikes him playfully with her fan*) Come come, Mr. Dowd, I will have no "buts," (*in a serio-comic voice*) I am mistress of all I survey.

Cesar. (*aside*) Hanged if you is. (*shakes his head*)

Dowd. When the ladies command, it only remains for us to obey.

(*offers his arm*)

Mrs S. (*taking his arm*) Thank you, May we will leave you for a short time, and do not run away with James.

May. I do not think there is any danger of that Aunt.

(*looks at Julip who drops his eyes*)

Mrs S. Pray excuse us Mr. Julip.

Julip. Certainly, but may I not go too?

Mrs S. For shame, Mr. Julip.

Julip. I mean—yes—I mean—

Dowd. Come Mrs. Sharpe, let's be going, never mind the young people.

May. Don't be gone long, Aunt.

(*Cesar makes a grand bow*)

Mrs S. No, I'll not be long. (*aside*) I'll make it long enough to give you two fool a quiet chat. (*exit Mrs. Sharp and Dowd, c.*)

May and Julip appear very nervous, Julip sighs, puts his hands in his pocket, tries to whistle. May takes out her handkerchief and counts the stitches in the hem. Cesar watches them, points first to one then the other. Julip looks at May and draws a long breath, May ditto—Julip sighs loudly, Cesar runs to him.

Cesar. What's de matter Marsa Julip, ain't sick is yer?

Julip. No.

Cesar. Thought ye had de cramps. (*May sighs, he runs to her*) What's de matter, young miss, is you sick?

May. No.

Cesar. (*aside*) Now dem folks is sick—dey's love-sick, been takin in too much moonshine after supper.

Julip. Cesar, bring me a glass of water.

(*Cesar starts*)

May. Cesar! (*runs to her*) Go and tell my aunt, I wish to go home.

(*he starts*)

Julip. Cesar! (*he comes back, Julip takes him one side*) Be just as long as you can about it, understand?

Cesar. Oh, yas, sah, I understand. (*aside*) And I knows dey both wants me out ob de way. (*laughs, starts to go, turns suddenly, sees May and Julip looking at each other*) Dem two is de wuss struck dat I eber did see. (*exit L.*)

Julip sees Cesar has gone then turns to May who is looking after Cesar, Julip is nervous—knocks book off the table, May jumps.

May. Why Jam—Mr. Julip how you frightened me.

Julip. I an very sorry my dear—Miss May.

May. I declare you frightened me so I am all of a tremble.

*Julip.* I am very sorry.

*May.* I am so nervous that the least thing frightens me.

*Julip.* (*nervously*) I am very sorry.

*May.* Aunty did not tell me that she intended to visit your uncle.

*Julip.* I'm—I'm—I'm very sorry—

*May looks at him in astonishment—Julip jumps up—seizes his hat and starts to go.*

*May.* James—

(*looks down*)

*Julip.* Did you say any thing, Miss May?

*May.* Where are you going?

*Julip.* Oh, nowhere in particular, (*he looks in his hat, May at the carpet*)

*May.* You are so mean—

*Julip.* I am—that is—I mean—(*aside*) I don't know what I do mean.  
(*he is in the meantime moving towards May, business ad lib.*)

*May.* You—you are so mean.

*Julip.* I'm very sorry.

*May.* (*aside*) There he goes again. I wish he would say something else.

*Julip.* My dear—(*checks himself*) If I am, who is the cause of it?

*May.* I am sure I do not know Mr. Julip.

*Julip.* (*aside*) I wish I knew what to say.

*May.* You're the—the—I don't know what to—to call you. (*about to cry*)

*Julip.* Dear me, how warm it is, I think I will open the window.

(*wipes face with handkerchief*)

*May.* Please don't Jam—Mr. Julip, I might catch cold—you might too,  
and you might get the consumption, then—then—

*Julip.* (*excitedly*) What then my dear—Miss May?

*May.* (*sobs*) Then—then—then you might die.

*May cries heartily—Julip puts his arm around her waist, tries to take her hands from her face.*

*Julip.* Don't cry my darling, do you love me?

*May.* You know I do, James.

*Julip.* (*joyfully*) Then don't cry May, and I'll—

*Enter Cesar, c.*

*Cesar.* Hab some dinner, sah?

(*both start*)

*Julip.* You black imp, why did you not knock before coming in?

*Cesar.* De door was wide open, an' how did I know you was huggin' Miss May. Haw, haw, haw!

*Julip.* Hush, or I'll break every bone in your body. I was'n't hugging you, was I Miss May?

*May.* No.

*Cesar.* (*picks a hair off of Julip's coat*) You wasn't—dem is de kind of fedders what always tells.

*Julip.* Hold your tongue you impudent scoundrel. Come May let's go to dinner.

*May.* Didn't Aunty say we should wait for her?

*Cesar.* Bless yer Miss May, de ole folks is in de dining room, deys de ones dat sent me for you.

*May.* Well then we had better go.

*Julip.* Here Cesar, don't say anything about—you know. (*gives money*)

*Cesar.* All right, boss. (*exit May and Julip c.—Cesar laughs*) Dat was better dan a side show. (*sits and mimics Julip*) Dat's the way he done it, (*laughs*) Don't say nuffin 'bout it. Hi golly, if I don't, I'll bust. Did'n't de gal turn red when she seed me. Oh, no, he wasn't huggin' Miss May, oh, no, dem's innercent young folks, dey is. (*Smith looks in door R. 2 E., sees Cesar, withdraws*) De boss give me five dollars not to say nuffin. (*takes out money*) Wonder if it it's counterfeit. (*laughs*) Can't help but think of dem two innercent angels—"Dear James, I'm yours," says she—"my darling, my belubbed, I'm yours," says he. Whoop, dat's too much for dis

nigger; must go and get my gal five cents worth of dem gum drops. (*rises*) Oh, dem innercent young ducks, dey jest beat dis nigger all holler.

(*exit singing "My gal, my gal."*)

*Enter Smith without disguise, seems very tired, throws himself in chair and wipes his face with sleeve.*

*Smith.* Well I swow, if that warn't the darndest job I ever tackled, I'm so tired, I dunno what to do, (*yawns*) I'm getting sleepy, if I warn't afeard the old folks would ketch me here, I'd take a nap. (*yawns*) I'll go to sleep anyhow—I don't keer. (*yawns and stretches*) I'm gettin' wussa and wuss, believe I'll take a drink. (*take bottle out of pocket, goes to drink, finds nothing in it, is astonished*) That air's funny, I filled that about two hours ago and I know I didn't drink it. Wonder if it leaked out. (*examines bottle*)

*Cesar.* (*aside*) Ob course it leaked out—but it went down dis nigger's throat.

*Smith.* I don't see any crack. (*examining bottle*)

*Cesar.* (*aside*) If you look whar de stopper goes in, you'll be mighty apt to see whar de leak am.

*Smith.* Wall I gives it up—I'm gettin' awful sleepy, 'taint goin' to do anybody any harm if I take a little nap. I wonder whar that nigger is? (*sleepier*) Wonder what time it is? Must be near dinner time. (*yawns and drops head on table*) I don't keer if it is dinner time, (*yawns*) I'm a goin' to sleep—any—how—don't—care—a—red—c—e—n—t— (*sleeps*)

*Cesar.* (*tiptoes forward, sees he is asleep*) Now ole boy, I've got ye. (*ties Smith's legs to a chair, gets a paper which he tears in strips and places between his fingers, takes match from pocket and lights paper, then retires up stage*) Now, look out.

*Smith moves uneasily—the fire burns him, he jumps up excitedly, the chair trips him—he rolls and yells, Cesar runs out c.*

*Smith.* Here—help—fire—murder—perlice—Squire—Cesar—come here. Great Jerusalem, I'm burnt to a crisp.

*Enter May, Mrs. Sharpe, Julip and Dowd, c.*

*Dowd.* What in the world is the matter with you?

*Enter Cesar with pail, c.*

*Cesar.* Whar am de fire, show me de fire!

*Smith.* I'm on fire, Squire, bin burnt—murdered and then sot on fire ter shield the crime.

*Cesar.* Den I'll put ye out.

(*throws pail at him—Smith gets up looking very foolish*)

*Dowd.* You are not hurt at all, I've a good mind to discharge you.

*Cesar.* (*aside*) Nebber mind Mister Smith, I'll fix ye next time.

*Smith.* Much obliged to ye Squire, but I must a dreamt I was on fire, but hang me if something didn't burn my fingers, and when I woke up I seed de blaze.

*Dowd.* Say no more about it but go and attend to your work.

*Smith.* All right, Squire. (*starts off—sees Cesar laughing, catches him by the ear*) Here's the chap that's done it, Squire.

*Cesar.* Dat's my ear you'se got hold ob.

*Smith.* I knows it.

*Cesar.* Better let loose.

*Smith.* I won't do it. I've got you now.

*Cesar.* Yer has, has yer?

*Cesar reaches up his back, Smith tries to prevent him, he gets his knife and makes a pass at Smith who lets go and jumps back, Cesar starts after him Julip interferences, Cesar shakes knife savagely, Mrs. Sharpe faints in Dowd's arms, May wrings her hands, Julip holds Cesar.*

*Dowd.* How do you feel, Mrs. Sharpe?

*Mrs S. (comes too with a jump)* What is the matter? (*looks around, sees Julip holding Cesar*) I remember—he did not kill the man, did he?

*Dowd.* No, but I think he would have done so.

*Cesar.* Yer mighty correct, boss.

*Smith.* See here Cesar, let's be friends.

*Cesar.* Don't know 'bout dat.

*Omnes.* Yes, be friends, Cesar.

*Cesar. (aside)* Dese yankees am so tricky, ye don't know when they's in arnest.

*Mrs S.* Yes, be friends, Cesar.

*Cesar.* Yer all want me to be friendly, but yer don't know what he done to me the oder day.

*Smith.* I was only joking, Cesar, ye don't think I'd hurt ye in arnest, do ye?

*Cesar.* Think! no, I knows it.

*Cesar feels of his ear, then glares at Smith, his hand goes to his back—Smith edges away—Cesar starts toward him, May steps between them.*

*May.* Now, Cesar, you must be friends.

*Cesar.* All right, Miss May—Come, Yank, I ain't got nothin' ag'in yer!

*Smith. (aside)* These here folks think thar ain't nobody like that nigger, but I reckon I'm some pumpkins myself.

*Dowd.* Come, Smith!

*Smith.* You had better pay that nigger, and let him go.

*May. (takes Smith by the arm)* Mr. Smith, you must be good.

*Smith looks at May—at Cesar—at all the characters—then holds out his hand to Cesar—they shake.*

*Cesar.* De color line am broke down, de bloody shirt am buried, but (*aside*) I'll hab to watch dis feller.

*Julip.* Uncle, you will please excuse us, as Miss May, wishes to see our flower garden.

*Mrs S.* May, bring me a rose, to put in my hair.

*May.* I will!

(*exit May, and Julip, c.*)

*Dowd.* Did you curry the horses, Smith?

*Smith.* Criminy! it took so long to git the rest of the work done, I clear forgot about the horses. But I ain't had no dinner yet!

*Cesar. (with hand on his stomach—aside)* I kinder thought it mighty funny my clothes didn't fit me.

*Dowd.* Get your dinner, Smith, then curry the horses, and you may go where you please. (*exit Smith, c.*)

*Mrs S.* You are very good to your servants, Mr. Dowd.

*Dowd.* Yes, I never ask them to do much.

*Cesar. (aside)* Oh, no, yer don't neber ax 'em to do much! But I wish de boss would tell me to go an' get my dinner, I'm gettin' awful hungry.

*Dowd.* Cesar!

*Cesar.* Yes, sah.

*Dowd.* You know that old fellow I was talking to yesterday?

*Cesar.* Yes, sah.

*Dowd.* Go hunt him up, and tell him I want to see him.

*Cesar.* All right, boss, but how about my dinner?

*Dowd.* Get your dinner first.

(*exit Cesar, c., singing*)

*Mrs S.* How very kind you are, Mr. Dowd. I always have heard that you were a kind man, and kind men make good—good—make good—

(*looks at Dowd—taps the floor with her foot.*)

*Dowd.* Make what?

*Mrs S.* Make good husbands.

*Dowd. (aside)* I'm in for it now! (*aloud*) Why do you say that?

*Mrs S.* Because I've been married, and I know.

*Dowd.* Well, I've never been married, therefore, I do not know.

*Mrs S. (aside)* I'll never get him to talk, I'll have to try some other plan.



*Dowd.* (*aside*) I never did think I'd be afraid of a woman—(*pulls his moustache nervously*) but I'm afraid of this one.

*Mrs S.* (*screams*) Save me, Charles, save me! (*runs toward Dowd—he runs, stops, turns and catches Mrs S. as she faints*)

*Dowd.* (*excitedly*) What's the matter my darling, I believe she's going to die—somebody run for the doctor— (*kisses her*)

*Mrs S.* (*revives*) Oh, Mr. Dowd! (*tries to get away, he prevents her*)

*Dowd.* You shan't go till you've promised to be my wife.

*Mrs S.* I—I—prom—prom—ise.

*Dowd.* And you'll marry me?

*Mrs S.* Yes.

*Dowd.* (*puts arm around her waist*) Tell me what frightened you so.

*Mrs S.* Oh, Charles, it was a great, ugly rat, and I am so afraid of rats!

*Dowd.* I shall from this moment declare an endless peace with all rats and mice, and will never have one killed.

*Enter Cesar, c.*

*Cesar.* 'Cept you find 'em stuck in de butter. Great land ob Moses! (*Mrs. Sharpe and Dowd, start*) Who'd a thunk it! (*Mrs. Sharp runs off L. Dowd approaches Cesar, reaches for him, he dodges*) Didn't mean to ketch ye huggin' de ole gal, boss, neber would have comed in dis room if I had a knowed it, dat's de bressed truth, boss!

*Dowd.* (*hands him a bill*) Don't say anything, Cesar!

*Cesar.* (*takes it*) No, sah, won't say a word, but boss, better not marry dat—

*Dowd.* Why not, Cesar?

*Cesar.* 'Kase she am jist like a ship.

*Dowd.* How is that?

*Cesar.* De riggin' am a gwine to cost ye more'n the hull.

(*Dowd strikes at Cesar—he laughs, and dodges*)

*Dowd.* You're an impudent, fellow!

*Cesar.* Can't help it, boss. I'm bound to tell de truth, if I barst.

*Dowd.* All right, keep what you have seen, a secret.

*Cesar.* All right, boss, I'm de one dat can keep a secret.

*Dowd.* Mind that you don't say a word, then! (*exit c.*)

*Cesar.* Somebody can hit me wid a club! (*laughs*) De fust time, I katched de young folks, de young boss gim'me five dollars—de next time I katched de ole folks, (*laughs*) de ole boss gim'me ten dollars. Believe I'll go into de business ob katchin' de fellers a huggin' dar sweethearts, (*laughs*) Hi, golly! didn't de ole man look funny? look like he was struck by lightning'. Den de ole gal. (*laughs*) De next time de ole boss talks sweet to her, I'll bet dis ten dollar bill, he'll keep a good watch on de back door, an'—

*Smith rushes in L., followed by two or three books, which are thrown at him from outside.*

*Cesar.* Wha—wha—wha—whats de matter wid yer, Yank?

*Smith.* I've done it—my siterwation ain't worth three shakes of a dead sheep's tail!

*Cesar.* What yer been doin', Yank?

*Smith.* (*sees Cesar—aside*) Here's that nigger, but I dasn't do anything to him on account of that tooth-pick he carries.

*Cesar.* What's de matter wid yer, ain't gone crazy hab ye?

*Smith.* If you had seen what I saw, you'd look like you were crazy too.

*Cesar.* If I had er seed what you seed, I'd look crazy. Spects now, if you'd seed what I seed, you'd be a loon, sure 'nuff.

*Smith.* You never seed the ole man a huggin' the ole gal, you didn't!

*Cesar fairly yells—Smith looks at him in astonishment, Cesar tries to talk but cannot—Smith catches the laugh—both laugh boisterously—Cesar takes hold of Smith.*

*Cesar.* Don't laugh, Yank, do like me, don't laugh! (*laughs loudly*)

Smith. I tell you what, it were funny.

(laughs)

Cesar. 'Spects it was——

Smith. You jist ought to seed 'em, Cesar!

Cesar. I'd er gibbed de world to seed 'em. (laughs, Smith holds his sides)

Smith. Don't commence again, Cesar, you 'll kill me.

Cesar. Den I won't. Look a here, Yank, I'm gwine to tell ye a secret—won't gib me away, will yer?

Smith. No, I won't!

Cesar. Well den, I—I—I

(laughs loudly)

Smith. Don't, Cesar, I'm nigh dead now. What is it you're goin' to tell me?

Cesar. I seed the ole man a—a—a—

(laughs)

Smith. Did you now, did you? Jerusa—lem!

(laughs)

Cesar. Yas—I—did—I seed de—ole man a huggin'—de ole—

(holds his sides, and laughs heartily)

Smith. What! did you see 'em?

Cesar. De ole—man was a—hug—huggin' de ole—gal right—in dis room.

(both laugh)

Smith. (drops into a chair and wipes his eyes with his coat tail) I'll swar to gracious, I ain't laffed so much since I can remember. But, Cesar, can you sing?

Cesar. Yas, a little.

Smith. Gimme a specimen of yer singin.

Cesar. Look here, Yank, don't go for to call me any sich names as dat!

Smith. Why, I never called ye anything that I knows of.

Cesar. Ye did! ye called me a—a—a speckimen, ye did!

Smith. (laughs) Why, ye tarnal fool, I wanted ye to sing some song.

Cesar. (jumps up excitedly—reaches for knife) Call me a fool, will yer! I don't 'low no long legged, slab-sided, lean, lank, hungry lookin' white man like you to call me a fool.

Cesar starts towards Smith, who reaches in his pocket and draws out a large horse pistol, which he points at Cesar, who drops his knife.

Smith. Hold on thar—stop whar you air, or this persuader 'll go off and blow you inter the middle of next week.

Cesar. (frightened) Put dat cannon up, it might go off, and I ain't no fit subject for the bone yard.

Smith. (puts pistol in pocket.) I jest wanted to show you, I was fixed for you.

Cesar. I was only funnin', Yank.

Smith. So was I. Give us your song!

Cesar. I declare Yank, my throat is so dry dat I can't. (hand to throat)

Smith. (takes bottle from pocket) Here's something 'll wet your throat!

Cesar. (takes bottle—drinks it all) I declar, but dat's good stuff! What—what's de matter wid yer, Yank—why don't yer sit still—Rah, fo' de fourth ob July, he am jes' as good a man as de sebenteenth day ob St. Patrick's day in de mornin'. Rah!

Smith. Hush up, Cesar, don't be a fool!

Cesar. I ain't no fool—hic—whar's de man—hic—calls me er—hic—fool—I'm gwine to—hic—sing dat—hic—song. (sings)

Smith. Don't make such a noise, you 'll have the whole house here.

Cesar. (very loud) I—hic—don't care—hic—hear dat—hic—Rah!

Enter, Dowd, and Mrs. Sharpe, L., Julip and May, L. C.

Dowd. (sees Cesar stagger up to Julip) Bless my soul, Cesar drunk!

Smith. (aside) Now is the time to get even. (aloud) Yaas, Squire, I kum in here a while ago, and found him as you see him.

Cesar. (to Julip) I neber—hic—told de—hic—young boss—hic—nuffin', I—hic—neber said a—hic—word.

Julip. Why, what in the world are you talking about, Cesar?

Cesar. (goes to Mrs. Sharpe) I say I—hic—neber told de ole—hic

—gal nuffin—hic—yer knows—hic—what I mean—hic—*(she slaps him in the face)* Did yer see dem shootin' stars, boss?—hic—

*Mrs S.* Go away from me! *(pushes him)*

*Cesar.* *(goes up to May)* Don't mind me—I—hic—neber said a—hic—*(Dowd catches hold of him)* Don't, boss, I—hic—neber told de ole man—hic—I seed you hug—hic—gin—

*Dowd.* *(in a passion)* Come here, James, Smith, everybody! come and help me put this infernal nigger in the street. *(Smith rushes up)*

*Cesar.* Don't do it, Yank! I neber—hic—told de ole—hic—man dat yer told me yer—hic—seed him hug—hic—

*Dowd.* Here boys, bounce him!

*They catch him—he tries to sing—Dowd and Julip each take an arm, Smith his feet, and move R.)*

*Smith.* *(as they exit)* So much for Cesar, throw him in the first ditch! *(exit R.)*

*Mrs S.* My dear neice, I never felt so mean in my life, did you?

*May.* No, never.

*Mrs S.* What is the matter with you?

*May.* Why, Aunt—you—know—

*Mrs S.* Ah, yes! When is the wedding to be?

*May.* I don't know, that good-for nothing Cesar interrupted us.

*Mrs S.* Well, we'll have a double wedding, Mr. Dowd has asked me to marry him, and I have said yes.

*May.* Won't that be nice?

*Enter Dowd, and Julip, c.*

*Julip.* *(crosses to May)* Come, May, let's take a walk!

*May.* Very well. *(Julip offers his arm to May, they exit L. Dowd to Mrs. Sharpe, they exit R.)*

*Enter, Smith, c., wiping his face with a large red handkerchief.*

*Smith.* That thar nigger was the heaviest nigger for a little'un, I ever did see; seems to me he must have weighed over two hundred pounds. I wouldn't have had the kick the old man gin him, fer fifty dollars—

*Enter, Cesar, c.*

Why, he kicked him into the middle of the street. *(Cesar shakes fist at Smith, takes coat off)* Don't reckon he'll come around here in a hurry.

*Cesar.* Yer don't, does yer?

*Smith.* Why, Cesar, old boy, didn't think to see you so soon, shake hands.

*Cesar.* Look here, white man, I'se gwine ter give yer the worst lickin' yer ever had!

*Smith.* *(feels for pistol, but it is gone—Cesar diito)* Go 'way, Cesar, I didn't do nothing ter you!

*Cesar.* Yer neber done nuffin' to me? Yer neber got me drunk?

*Smith.* No, you got yourself drunk, you dranked all I had.

*Cesar.* I don't keer, yer was de cause ob all de trouble; darfore yer'll hab to suffer de consequences. *(rushes at Smith, who stumbles over a chair)*

*Smith.* Fire! Murder! Help!

*Characters all rush in c.*

*Dowd.* You black rascal, what do you mean by coming back into my house after what you have done?

*Cesar.* I axes yer pardon, boss, an' de ladies'—but dar stands de man what am de cause ob all de trouble!

*May.* Why, Cesar, he said he found you in here tipsey.

*Cesar.* Did yer tell dese folks, dat yer found me in here drunk?



*Omnes.* Yes, he did!

*Cesar.* (*excited*) Told I was drunk, did yer? now ye'll git it. (*starts for Smith, who gets behind Dowd*) Get out ob de way, boss, let me get at him!

*Dowd.* (*catches Cesar—ladies scream*) Be quiet, Cesar, don't you see you are alarming the ladies?

*Cesar.* (*trying to get loose*) Can't help it, boss, I don't care fer nuffin' only to get my two hands on dat Yankee.

*Smith.* Don't let him go, Mister Julip, hold him!

*May.* Now, Cesar, be quiet, that's a good fellow!

*Cesar.* But I ain't a good feller, I'm a bad feller!

*May.* Why, Cesar!

*Cesar.* Can't help it, Miss May, I'm——

*Dowd.* If you 'll be quiet, Cesar; I'll give you your situation again.

*Cesar.* De only situvation I wants now, is to be at dat Yankee (*gets loose runs at Smith, who runs out c.*) Great Julius Cesar! I neber was so mad afore. I neber would er got so mad, if he hadn't tole er lie on me!

*Omnes.* Told a lie on you?

*Cesar.* Yas. Now, ladies, an' gents. I'll tell yer all about it. Boss, yer know when I comed in here. (*Dowd bows*) Arter yer went out, dat feller come in, an' he axed me to sing, I tole him my throat was too dry to sing—den he pulled out a bottle an' tole me to take a drink, an' den——

*May.* Then what!

*Cesar.* Den I took a drink, an' yer all knows what happened.

*Dowd.* If that is the case, we will forgive him, won't we, ladies?

*Mrs S.* } Certainly.

*May.* }

*Cesar.* Now, ladies an' gents, I has one question to axe yer.

*May.* What is it, Cesar?

*Mrs S.* Ask, and we will answer.

*Julip.* Hurry up, Cesar!

*Dowd.* What's the matter, Cesar?

*Cesar.* (*grins*) Why am dis chile like a hunter's big horse when he comes back from a hunt in Mississippi? (*they appear to be thinking*)

*Julip.* I can't think for the life of me.

*Mrs S.* What is the answer, Cesar?

*Dowd.* I must confess your question quite staggers me, Cesar?

*May.* I am dying to know, Cesar?

*Cesar.* 'Kase I has dears on eider side ob me.

**R.**

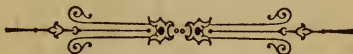
*Mrs. Sharpe and Dowd.*

*Cesar.*

*May and Julip.*

**L.**

CURTAIN.



### To Our Customers.

Amateur companies frequently have trouble in procuring Plays well adapted to their wants, frequently ordering perhaps five dollars worth in single copies, before anything suitable can be found. All this can be done away with. Our catalogue embraces plays suitable for any and all companies, and if our friends will write to us, stating the requirements of their companies, there need be no trouble in this line, at least. If a temperance society wants plays, we have something for them. If a company wants something which is very funny, we can suit them. In fact we have dramas, farces, comedies and tragedies, which will suit you. Enclose 15 cents per copy for as many sample copies as you may need, and we guarantee to suit you, if you will state the size of your company, and whether best adapted to the serious or funny. Give us a trial, at least.

A. D. AMES, Pub., Clyde, Ohio..

# A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER, CLYDE, O.

## OUR BUSINESS—WHAT WE DO.

**PLAYS.** We sell everything in the line of dramas and farces, and call the attention of our numerous patrons to our own list. We think it embraces play which will suit either professional or amateur companies. If however you need something, published elsewhere, do not hesitate to send us your orders—our stock is very large, and we fill promptly.—Stocks of every publisher on hand.

**LETTERS OF INQUIRY** answered promptly, and we solicit correspondence. If the business upon which you write concerns you alone, enclose a 3 cent stamp for reply. Amateurs who are puzzled upon any questions relative to the stage will be answered explicitly, and to the best of our ability.

**MANUSCRIPT PLAYS.** Parties who have Mss. to dispose of should write to us. We will publish whatever may be meritorious, on terms which will be satisfactory.

**SHEET MUSIC.** Orders for sheet music, or music books will be received and filled as promptly as possible.

**CATALOGUES** will be sent free to any address. Send a postal card, with your address, and the catalogue will be sent by the next mail.

**HOW TO ORDER.** It would perhaps seem to every one that any directions as to 'how to order' plays was entirely superfluous; but not so. We have many instances, and remember to have been severely censured by parties, some of whom failed to sign their name to their order, or failed to write the state, etc. In the first place, begin your order with the name of your post office, county and state. If you order from our list, it is not necessary to designate, only by giving the name of the play; but if from the lists of other publishers, state the publishers name, if you know it. Do not write your letters of inquiry on the same sheet with your orders, and make the order *always* as brief as possible. When completed *do not fail to sign your name very plainly.* Attention to these rules will insure the filling of your orders, by return mail. Postage stamps of the denomination of 1, 2 and 3 cents, will be taken in any amount less than \$3.00.

**PLAYS TO SUIT COMPANIES.** Amateur companies frequently have trouble in procuring Plays well adapted to their wants, frequently ordering perhaps five dollar's worth in single copies, before anything suitable can be found. All this can be done away with. Our catalogue embraces plays suitable for any and all companies, and if our friends will write to us, stating the requirements of their companies, there need be no trouble, in this line at least. If a temperance society wants plays, we have something for them. If a company wants something which is very funny, we can suit them. In fact, we have dramas, farces, tragedies and comedies which *will* suit you. Enclose 15 cents per copy, for as many copies as you may need, and we guarantee to suit you, if you will state the size of your company, and whether best adapted to the serious or funny. Give us a trial at least.

**MAGNESIUM TABLEAU LIGHTS.** There is scarcely a person who has not been annoyed by the smoking of colored fires, which are so often used on tableaux, and whole scenes in dramas have been ruined by the coughing and noise always attendant on their use. We earnestly recommend the use of the Magnesium lights. They can be ignited with a common match, and burn with wonderful brilliancy. There is no danger in their use; they make no smoke and are cheap. Price, 25 cents each, by mail, post paid. Those who do not know how to burn them, will be instructed by addressing the publisher.

# AMES' SERIES OF STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

—o—

The Turn of the Tide  
The Biter Bit  
The Mischievous Nigger  
The Beauty of Lyons  
The Gentleman in Black  
The Lady of Lyons  
The Studio  
The Vow of the Ornan  
The Better Half  
The Brigands of Calabria  
The Serf  
The Poacher's Doom  
The Hunter of the Alps  
Thirty-Three Next Birthday  
The Painter of Ghent  
The Mistletoe Bough  
The Miller of Derwent Water  
The Bewitched Closet

Through Snow and Sunshine  
That Mysterious Bundle  
The Two T. J's.  
Ten Nights in a Bar-Room  
Three Glasses a Day  
That Boy Sam  
The False Friend  
The Sham Professor  
The Reward of Crime  
The Deuce is in Him  
The Coming Man  
Twain's Dodging  
Vow of the Ornan  
When Women Weep  
Won at Last  
 wooing Under Difficulties  
Wrecked  
Which Will He Marry

## READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS.



*No plays exchanged.*

*No plays sent C. O. D.*

*No orders filled without the cash.*

*No discounts on a number of plays.*

*No plays sent subject to return.*

In remitting, send Post office order if possible, otherwise send a registered letter, or draft on New York. Small amounts may be sent in 1, 2, or 3 cent postage stamps with but little risk.

Do not waste your own, and our time by asking us if we can send you a certain play, but enclose your money, 15 cents per copy. If it is published we will send it, otherwise we will notify you, and you can instruct us to send something else, or return the money.

Please notice that we will not fill orders by telegraph, from parties unknown to us, and will not send plays to any one C. O. D.

A complete descriptive Catalogue, giving the number and description of characters, description of scenery, and a brief synopsis of the plot, will be sent free to any one.

Our books may be ordered from any respectable bookseller in the United States and Canada. However if you have trouble in getting "Ames' Edition" send directly to us.

## NEW MILITARY ALLEGORY.

### The Spy of Atlanta.

A grand military allegory in 6 acts, by A. D. Ames and C. G. Bartley, 14 male, 3 female characters, with as many supernumary ladies and gents as the stage may afford room for. This great play is founded on incidents which actually occurred during the war of the Rebellion—it introduces Ohio's brave and gallant McPherson—the actual manner of his capture and death is shown. It abounds with the most beautiful tableaux, drill, marches, scenes upon the battle field, in Andersonville, etc., and is pronounced by the press and public the most successful military play ever produced. G. A. R. Posts, Military Companies and other organizations, who may wish something which will *draw*, should produce it. It may not be out of place to add that this play with the incidents of the death of the gallant McPherson, was written with the full consent of the General's brother, R. B. McPherson, since dead, who fully approved of it. Below will be found a synopsis of incidents, etc.

#### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT 1st. Home of Farmer Dalton. "don't talk politics." The dinner hour. News from Fort Sumpter, and call for 75,000 men. Quarrel of old friends. "They hung traitors in former times." Oath of vengeance. The patriotic Dutchman. His wonderful story. Husband and wife. "Go, and may God bless you." Little Willie. "Dot dog." The Dutchman organizes a company. Parting of lovers, and "parting for ever." "Country first and love afterwards." Schneider, the Dutchman, and his new company. He means business and shows his "poys" that he understands military business. Enlistings. Schneider and his company sign the rolls. The Daltons. "Husband, must you go?" Duty. Little Willie. "Please, mother, may I go?" Presentation of the flag. Parting of loved ones.

ACT 2nd. Camp by night. The letter from home. Army duties. Songs and merriment. "Tenting on the old camp ground." Inspection of the regiment. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from Atlanta. A brave man required. The dangerous mission. Promise of promotion given by McPherson. Departure of the spy. The Confederate camp. Capt. St. Clair's soliloquy. Plotting. Pete. The old Negro is used rather roughly. Father and son. The man who stutters so badly. The discovery. "A spy." "Do your worst, you cowardly traitor." Pete makes himself useful. "No chance of life." Thrilling tableau and capture of St. Clair. Escape of St. Clair. The pursuit. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from the front. McPherson preparing for battle. Firing on the left. "I must at once ascertain the cause." The rebel squad. McPherson's danger. "Halt and surrender." The fatal shot. "It is General McPherson; you have killed the best man in the Union Army."

ACT 3d. Return of the spy. Sherman hears of the death of his friend. The enemy's lines in motion. The long roll and general engagement.

ACT 4th. Battlefield by night. "Water! I am dying for the want of water." Little Willie. The traitor forgiven. Edwin and Willie are made prisoners. The discovery, and renewal of the oath of vengeance.

ACT 5th. Andersonville with all its horrors. Hope of being exchanged. The last crust of bread. St. Clair informs Edwin of the arrival of his wife. Fears of insanity, and prayers to God for reason to know her. The maniac. "Oh, brother, don't you know me? I am your brother Willie." Maud arrives. Terror on beholding her husband. "He must know me." The picture. The recognition of the picture, and "you are—no I can not be wrong, you are Maud, my wife, thank God." Villainy of St. Clair. The cry for bread. Bravery of Willie. The fatal shot, and death of the brave boy. Madness. The curse. "Boys, let us pray that this may soon end." The rescue.

ACT 6th. News of the surrender of Lee. The new love. The vacant chair. Happiness of Pete. Return of the boys, and joyful meeting of loved ones. Bummers march, and beautiful tableau.

Price, 25 cents per copy.









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 545 615 0

